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VOLUME XXV, No. 18

MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1932

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PROFESSOR MACKAIL'S EDITION OF THE AENEID

In THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 25.99-101 there was a review, by Professor Marbury B. Ogle, of Professor Mackail's edition of the Aeneid. There always are persons—some directly interested, some quite disinterested except that, as they put it, they take the part of the under dog—who stand ready to find fault with a review that seriously questions the value of a book. Besides, Professor Mackail enjoys a high reputation. He writes charmingly, and with an air of finality, especially when he writes about Vergil, that is all too likely to carry conviction, particularly to those who are unable, or unwilling, to examine matters for themselves.

How often, I wonder, is it kept in mind that in connection with every review there is another party that is deeply interested in the review. I mean the persons who are invited by the publishers (and by the author) to pay good money for a book (in this case seven dollars). This group contains, besides others, teachers who study the statements, good or bad, in the book, and the pupils to whom they pass on those statements.

In The American Journal of Philology 26 (1905), 217-221, I published a review of Ch. Huelsen, Das Forum Romanum (Rome, Loescher and Company, 1904). In that review, over twenty-six years ago, two or three years before THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY was started, I spoke of the obligation that rests on an author to spend and be spent in the writing of book or article. Further, in that review, as well as in other matter published in the same volume of The American Journal of Philology (213-217, 368-369) I set forth, by example and in set terms, my conception of the way in which a reviewer should perform his task.

On pages 218-219, in my review of Huelsen's book, I made certain statements which are, I think, applicable to Professor Mackail's edition of the Aeneid:

Of far more consequence, however, is the fact that there are errors in matters wherein errors might have been avoided entirely, at least by one situated so favorably with reference to the Forum as Professor Huelsen is; had the manuscript or the proof-sheets been compared throughout on the spot with the monuments themselves, the defects to which I shall take exception might easily have been wholly obviated. Few students of the Roman Forum are privileged to visit it frequently; some can never see it. There is, therefore, an especial obligation laid upon those who may see it frequently to be absolutely accurate in their statements of fact: they have no right to mislead their less fortunately situated brethren, who must rely on their eyes.

At the time these words were written Professor Huelsen was living on the Capitoline Hill.

On page 221 I made the following statements:

These points and some others like them are in themselves not of very great moment, but it is precisely on

such small matters that truth and scholarship alike often turn. Of one to whom much has been given much may of right be demanded; the ease with which all errors of fact might have been avoided by the author of this book makes it hard to excuse them....

Professor Mackail has a high reputation; he should know that many are eager to read any pronouncement he chooses to make concerning Vergil. He ought, therefore, to be especially careful, first, that what he writes shall measure up to his high reputation, secondly, that it shall achieve its avowed purpose, and, thirdly, that he shall not mislead those who are so ready to hang upon his words.

Some years ago, Professor Mackail published, as a part of the Series entitled Our Debt to Greece and Rome, a volume called Virgil and his Meaning to the World of To-Day. This volume does not belong in that Series, because it does not really trace the debt of the world to Vergil. The General Editors of the Series, in an "Editors' Preface" (v), show clearly that they were conscious of this fact. Would any one with reputation less great than Professor Mackail's have been allowed to contribute to a Series a volume which so palpably fails to fit into the Series? Many a man can write both engagingly and helpfully concerning some Greek or Latin author. To do that is easy for one who has studied an author long and is in any sense a master of language and style. But to trace through the centuries the influence of a given author is quite another matter. To do this adequately requires knowledge of many languages, a control of many literatures, and endless research in many a library. This, infinitely the harder part of his task, Professor Mackail disregarded almost wholly.

My conception of scholarship I expressed, as I noted above, over twenty-six years ago in The American Journal of Philology. That conception, revised, and, I hope, improved, by twenty years more of reflection and labor, I set forth at length in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 21.81-84, 89-93 (January 9, 16, 1928). This latter article is a vital part of my creed as Editor of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY.

I return to Professor Mackail's edition of the Aeneid. A reviewer as competent as Professor Ogle is, both as scholar and as teacher, could easily, I felt, have found many more things in that book to which to take exception. I was reminded of all this when I received lately a copy of The Oxford Magazine, dated January 28, 1932. In that number, on pages 362-364, there was an article entitled Dr. Mackail on Virgil, by Mr. C. J. Fordyce, of Jesus College, Oxford, who is Literary Editor of this Magazine.

I reproduce a large part of Mr. Fordyce's remarks.

When we turn to the commentary we are not only disappointed, but perplexed. It should be judged, no doubt, from the point of view of the readers for whom it

is primarily intended—not scholars, but 'readers and lovers of great poetry'; but Dr. Mackail's idea of his reader's mind is so complicated that even the most versatile and understanding of critics might have difficulty in recreating it in imagination. On the one hand, he <= Professor Mackail's reader > is so ignorant of common Latinity that it is safe to tell him that *miserum* is a 'shortened form' of *miserorum*: on the other, he can be trusted to see his way unaided through lines which baffled Nettleship. And his interests are as unexpected as his accomplishments. He is not provided with explanations of subtle mythological allusions (apparently because he has a mythological dictionary), but he is supposed to have an intense and compelling interest in the liberties which Virgil took with the ablative case. He does not want to have his attention called at vi, 460 to a bold use of 'counterparody' which must have startled Virgil's readers, but his enthusiasm will be roused and a fire will light in his eye when he is given on iii, 155 a list of the lines in the *Aeneid* which contain ten words. If there were many common readers possessed of these enthusiasms, the world might be a more comfortable place for the pedant: but one doubts whether Dr. Mackail has judged his public aright.

Nor do the methods which Dr. Mackail pursues in enlightening his reader always commend themselves. He has fixed upon certain grammatical schemata which he seeks to impute to Virgil on every possible occasion. We were taught that adverbs can be attached only to verbs in Latin, and that vague ablatives expressing the connexion between nouns normally expressed by the genitive are to be avoided. We know, of course, that to both rules there are exceptions, but Dr. Mackail finds new exceptions which no one had suspected before. He sets out his views on 'The Virgilian Ablative' in an excursus, in which he points out that, in addition to the regular 'ablative of description' (noun and adjective), Virgil was prone to use a simple ablative with adjectival force. But in many of his examples the context provides a verb or adjective with which the ablative may be construed. *Hic Curibus...* *Clausus advenit* (x, 345) is an instance that causes Dr. Mackail some concern—here, he tells us, 'Virgilian usage almost reaches breaking-point.' But why translate 'Clausus of Cures' when *Curibus* can be taken with *advenit*—for Dr. Mackail has already told us (p. lxxxiv) that 'interlacement of order is carried by him to its utmost limit'? And it is doubly unfortunate that he should choose this as an extreme Virgilianism: for, even if there were no verb in the context, and the ablative had to be taken adjectivally, this usage in the case of local names can be paralleled not only from inscriptions, but also from that unbending purist, Caesar. Can one naturally construe *flammis... ad caelum undabat vertex* (xii, 673) 'a spire of flames rolled'? No doubt the English phrase represents the idea Virgil meant to convey, but that is a very different thing. The climax is reached when at ii, iii, where Virgil uses, what anyone might use, *ponti hiems* for 'sea-storm,' we are told that the more common Virgilian usage would be *ponto hiems*: 'that would be awkward here as suggesting that *ponto* interclusit, "shut off from the sea" was meant.' (Of course: *ponto* could be taken in no other way.) Here Dr. Mackail, determined not to allow Virgil to write ordinary Latin, suggests, as he cannot have an ablative, that *ponti* is locative. When Dr. Mackail's preconceptions about Virgilian usage make him unwilling to accept perfectly good Latin, one becomes rather suspicious of his theories. One wonders why he does not protest against *mediae urbis iter* (ii, 359).

Again, we know the instances (most of them falling into certain definite classes) in which an adverb is apparently attached to a noun. This usage also Dr. Mackail seeks to find in new places, but the grammarian will not always wish to add these novelties to his note-books. In iii, 609, *deinde* is to be taken with

fortuna, 'tell us what subsequent fortune': but, apart from the grammatical difficulty, 'subsequent' can in the context mean only 'subsequent to your birth'—which is hardly a necessary addition.

The grammatical parallels which Dr. Mackail cites do not always bear examination. At ii, 349, *sequi extrema audendi* is described as 'unexceptionable though rather mannered Latinity,' and justified by *pelagi extrema sequentem*. But there is no real parallel here at all: we can say *extremum pelagus*, but we cannot say *extremum audendum*. On ii, 377, *gaudent perfusi* is quoted to illustrate *sensit delapsus*: but *sensit* is a transitive verb, normally followed by an object, while *gaudent* is an intransitive verb, normally followed by a complement, and that makes a great deal of difference. In a note on the difficult *placito amori* (iv, 38), *placitus* is said to be 'the participial inflection of the impersonal use of *placere*': no doubt *placitum* would be that, but *placitus* can hardly be so described: *lucitum*, 'unspoken,' is not parallel, for *laceo* can be transitive and *placeo* (except in Plautus) cannot. There are other loosenesses: *minae* in iv, 88, is used in its original sense, not (as Dr. Mackail implies) in a derived one. The note here continues 'Similarly *aequata machina caelo* is not so much the crane raised high as heaven as the crane poised in the sky,' and cites *aequata vela* (iv, 587). But (1) where or what is the similarity; (2) if *aequata* may sometimes be freely translated 'poised,' *aequare* is not 'to poise'; (3) a crane is not naturally described as 'poised in the sky'; (4) *aequata (vela)* means simply 'level.' On v, 505, Dr. Mackail accepts Professor Slater's conjecture *micuit* for *timuit*, and adds that in any early MS. 'the ductus literarum of the two words would be all but indistinguishable.' The emendation is a good one, but no one with an inkling of palaeography could pretend that *micuit* and *timuit* were anything like indistinguishable in any hand. What is true is that *l* and *c* may be indistinguishable, and that *mit* and *tim* (though as easily distinguishable to the accustomed eye as *mite* and *time* in an English book) might be confused by a careless scribe: but that Dr. Mackail does not say. Finally, to return to grammar, *quicquid cessatum est* (xi, 288) is called a 'cognate accusative'; but, assuming that *quicquid* is an accusative, how can it be described as cognate with *cessatum*?

These criticisms are not offered in a spirit of pedantic captiousness. We do not dispute that compression was needed: we do not quarrel with Dr. Mackail for sometimes giving his results without the processes by which he reached them. We are trying to judge by his own standards, and bring forward these instances only to suggest that he has not produced an edition which will enable the reader to go through his Virgil 'with intelligent appreciation.' The professional scholar will not be satisfied with his standard of accuracy: the unprofessional reader will not feel that he has deserved the credit of saying neither too little nor too much. His reader might well have done without a note on a use of *stat* which is regular in Latin verse from Terence to Claudian, but he might reasonably ask for a note on vi, 9<6> which would explain the editor's reasons for giving *sino* a construction which it has nowhere else at all. Room might have been found for explanations of *omina mortis* (iv, 662), or *famulum parentis* (v, 95) by the omission of such totally unnecessary notes as those on iii, 434 (*veris* = 'truths'), iv, 154, iv, 60 (how does Dr. Mackail know that *pulcherrima* is merely ornamental? or what is the use of citing three parallels to it?), and if it was desirable to illustrate the division of Mantua from the tribal organisation of the Iroquois, it was not necessary to occupy thirty-three lines of commentary by quoting a passage from Parkman in full.

We regret that Dr. Mackail has not given us the ideal edition of Virgil for which we have waited so long: we do not doubt that he could have given it. The

Press has done its work well in producing a beautiful book, and the printing is immaculate.

No reviewer, no editor takes pleasure in publishing a thoroughly adverse review. Such a review is sure to hurt the feelings of the person whose book is being reviewed. But what about the feelings of those who are looking for bread, and receive only a stone? What about the feelings of those who love Vergil, and do not wish to see him misrepresented? What about the feelings of those who do not wish to see the many who *must* rely on some one else deceived by the glamor of a great name attached to a book which so largely fails to measure up to the author's reputation? What of the feelings of those who buy a book at seven dollars only to find that the book is full of serious blemishes?

Finally, to what do reviewer and editor owe the greater measure of consideration? To some individual, or to the cause of scholarship, that is, truth?

CHARLES KNAPP

THE LITERARY LINEAGE OF CUPID

(Concluded from page 134)

The power of Eros is seen not only in his activity as a cruel god of war and vengeance, but also in his capacities as a tamer of men and beasts, a hunter, boxer, wrestler, and smith. At the coming of Love one shudders like a prize-winning horse which draws the chariot unwillingly once more into the fray³¹⁰, for Love tames mortals with a bit that grips fast³¹¹. 'I tremble', says Marcus Argentarius, 'as I look on Eros, bane of men, driving lions, for he who can tame wild beasts will not show the least mercy to mortals'³¹². With impunity Eros puts his hand into the mouths of Cybele's lions, grasps their manes, rides on their backs³¹³. Not only does bitter-sweet Love tame men and beasts; he is himself a creeping thing, the brood of a snake³¹⁴. He instils the poison of desire that takes fast hold; his kisses are poison³¹⁵.

The god is a hunter as well as a tamer of animals and men. But he is himself a shy bird and hard to catch³¹⁶. Once a lad who was bird-hunting pursued the hopping wary Love. He failed utterly to take his quarry. An old ploughman, who first taught him the fowler's art, advised him to steer clear of this evil beast, for, 'so soon as you become a man', said the old man, 'that bird which flees now will come and light on your head'³¹⁷.

Eros is a fowler; he sets snares for the heart; 'the bird-lime of Love entangles the eyes'³¹⁸. The crafty setter of nets can even teach the river Alpheus how to dive³¹⁹. He throws lovers into the net of Cypris, from which there is no escape³²⁰. Love is 'the winged lime of the eyes'; he is the huntsman of Cypris and the lover is his catch³²¹. The hunting sometimes has a kindly purpose: the Loves turn huntsmen and track down the boar that has slain Adonis³²².

Eros loves to bring men into the net and to hunt women, but he will not take a wounded beast; he pursues fleeing game and scorns what lies in his path³²³. Love slays the ranks of animals with his good-for-nothing weapons. He kills the beasts until his string is satiated: panthers and bears he lays low. But, finally, with the all-enchanting *cestus* he takes a lioness captive and leads her to Aphrodite, saying, 'Wreath-crowned mother of Loves, I bring the virginity-loving Aura bending her neck to you'³²⁴.

Appropriately for a god worshipped in the gymnasium Eros manifests his prowess as a boxer and as a wrestler. He is a boxer for a bout with whom one needs wine, water, and flowers³²⁵. Foolish is the pugilist who would hold up his fists against Eros³²⁶. As a wrestler he was thrown by baby Hermes, but he tripped up Daphnis, who boasted that *he* would throw Love³²⁷. The technical terminology of wrestling is utilized in the passage at arms between Palaestra and Lucius³²⁸, but in a similar interlude described by Apuleius³²⁹ love is more a battle than a bout. Last of all, Love is a smith who pounds on his victim with a great hammer and plunges him (for tempering) into a wintry torrent³³⁰.

Alexandrian and later poets picture Eros as a roguish, impudent boy; indeed even as a baby he is reckless and incorrigible, perverse and insulting to his betters. The Loves are the lightest of all deities³³¹. Light Love rebounds from the hard heart³³². He is reckless and thoughtless and blind³³³. Sweetly-tearful, ever-chattering, laughing and sneering, Love like a bad baby begins to laugh while he is crying³³⁴. He titters at threats³³⁵. Whether he makes a conquest or is in repose, he smiles or laughs aloud³³⁶. He smiles—and scratches³³⁷. Even in the womb he kicked lustily; when he was born, he could not get his fill of milk; his own mother cannot now suckle or tame him³³⁸.

Nothing is more insolent than the Loves³³⁹. Love shouts out an insult as he leaves Bacchus smitten³⁴⁰. The impudent brat is paddled with a sandal by his mother because he drags her down from Heaven to consort with Anchises and Adonis; she threatens to break his bow and quiver and cut his wings, but he soon forgets and is once more incorrigible³⁴¹. If we may trust Aristophanes, the gods became so incensed at the boldness and the impudence of Eros that they clipped his wings, gave them to Victory as a trophy, and banished the tiny quarrel-provoker from Heaven to earth below³⁴².

Zeus threatens to take away the god's wings: 'do it', says Eros, 'and I'll make a swan of you again'³⁴³. More

³¹⁰N. 48.285-286; A. P. 12.102; Horace, *Sermones* 1.2.105-108.

³¹¹So Aura dreams in N. 48.270-280.

³¹²Anacreon, Fragment 63.

³¹³Sophocles, *Trachiniae* 441. ³¹⁴D. T. 7.3; Theocritus 1.97.

³¹⁵Lucian, *Onos* 8-9. In *Oxyrhynchus Papyri* 1233. 33.5-7 (as edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt [London, 1898]), Alcæus declares that he is thrown by the tricks of 'the Cyprus-born' (Eros), and that, wherever he flees on land or on sea, Love overtakes him.

³¹⁶Metamorphoses 2.17. ³¹⁷Anacreon, Fragment 48.

³¹⁸A. P. 7.429, 16.288. ³¹⁹A. P. 9.443.

³²⁰Theocritus 10.20; Orphic Fragment 68.1.

³²¹A. P. 5.178. ³²²A. P. 5.179.

³²³Longus 2.3; Anacreontea 31; A. R. 3.129, 286; N. 48.613; Nicetas 6.609.

³²⁴A. P. 12.126. ³²⁵N. 41.139-142; A. P. 5.178.

³²⁶N. 42.433. ³²⁷N. 42.39. ³²⁸D. T. 11.1.

³²⁹Cited by Athenæus, 13.14 (563 B). ³³⁰A. P. 9.108.

³¹⁰Ibycus, Fragment 2. ³¹¹A. P. 12.158. ³¹²A. P. 9.221.

³¹³D. T. 12.2.

³¹⁴A. P. 5.134; Sappho, Fragment 40; Nicetas 2.217.

³¹⁵A. P. 9.449, 16.199. ³¹⁶Longus 2.4. ³¹⁷Bion 4.

³¹⁸Lycophron 105; A. P. 5.177, 12.87, 93; Nicetas 2.134.

³¹⁹I accept Edmonds's emendation in Moschus 6.

³²⁰Dicaeogenes, Fragment 1 (Nauck); Ibycus, Fragment 2.

³²¹Timotheus, Fragment 13; A. P. 12.99.

³²²Pseudo-Theocritean Adonis 25.

than once Zeus was annoyed because Eros made him conceal his Olympian majesty in the form of a satyr, a bull, a swan, an eagle, or gold. Women, the king of the gods declares to Eros whom he has caught and is threatening, do not love me for myself. Eros suggests that women, being mortal, cannot stand the sight of Zeus's face. If Zeus wants to be irresistible, let him lay off his terrifying splendors and don 'purple' raiment and gold slippers; let him walk rhythmically to the tune of flutes and drums: the ladies will then flock around him. 'Get out', says Zeus; 'I do not want to be a lady-killer if I must get myself up in that style'. 'Well', replies Eros, 'it is easier not to love'. 'Oh, I want to love', says Zeus, 'but I must make my conquests in an easier manner. So long as you promise *that*, I will let you go'³⁴¹. When Eros becomes a ploughman, he looks up at the sky and informs Zeus that, if he does not make the fields fertile, he (Eros) will put him, Europa's bull, to the plough³⁴². Just to plague Zeus, Love moulds a beauty more attractive than Ganymedes³⁴³. Nor does his own mother escape his teasing. He competes with her in a contest of loves and even she has to admit that the bold brat wins³⁴⁷.

Adding disrespect for old age to consistent impudence, Eros not only drags the Moon from the sky and makes Apollo neglect his charioteering to waste time on Clymene, but he actually forces Rhea, ancient mother of so many gods, to run about with her hair streaming, after Attis, among mad Corybantes who dance to horns and drums. Aphrodite fears that Rhea will have the Corybantes tear him to pieces or throw him to the lions, but Eros impudently informs her that he has the lions tamed³⁴⁴.

The moody, impudent, and disrespectful boy is so clever a charmer, so sly a sneak and thief that he is not easily caught when he is running away into mischief. His games, too, are so apparently harmless that one cannot help loving and forgiving him, as Aphrodite often has to do³⁴⁵. Being the son of Plenty and Poverty, Eros inherits from his sire the character of a keen hunter, a clever sorcerer, wizard, and sophist. Always he is devising some new scheme; he has an endless store of magic charms wherewith to enchant the senses of men³⁴⁶. He sheds a mist over the eyes of lovers³⁴¹. He forces Zeus to do juggler's tricks³⁴². Appearing transformed to Bacchus, Love has the aspect of a shaggy Silenus; to make the illusion complete, he wears a dappled skin and carries a thyrsus and a cane³⁴³.

Shifty of mood, treacherous, a plotter and weaver of fables, he conquers all by his cleverness³⁴⁴. What else could one expect of the cruel son of crafty Aphrodite and guile-devising Ares³⁴⁵? Why expect to find any truth in the tricky little brat³⁴⁶? Many are the counsels of Eros: in his cleverness he holds the keys to all things; he is complete in himself³⁴⁷. His voice and his speech

are honeyed, but he conceals his real thoughts; he has a naked body, but his mind is well-clothed³⁴⁸. It is impossible to divine Love's intentions from his words, for he is a born perjurer, the deity by whom false lovers swear, the only one who does not pay the penalty to the gods of oaths³⁴⁹. The artist who, taking guile by guile, represented Eros bound, was wise, for craft is the best method of dealing with this gay deceiver³⁵⁰.

Love is a sneak; he is like a lynx near a goat-fold³⁵¹. He loves nocturnal prattlings; he delights to steal into the souls of his victims by night³⁵². Night or day, he is a runaway and a rover. Cypris has to send a crier after her fugitive child³⁵³. Aglaia must go on his trail when Aphrodite needs him; he is likely to be anywhere, for he flaps his wings over the whole world³⁵⁴. At dawn he leaves his bed to wander about the highways, driving his mother frantic; he roves over the sea and through the upland haunts of the beasts³⁵⁵.

At home or on the road, Love can always amuse himself with games. 'I am not yet two and twenty', says Asclepiades, 'and life is a misery to me. Ye Loves, why this cruelty? Why set me on fire? If I perish, what will you do? Plainly, O Loves, you will play, silly children that you are, at your dice as before'³⁵⁶. Love, the baby, still in his mother's lap, playing at dice in the morning, gambles Meleager's soul away³⁵⁷. He is only a silly child, like the Loves³⁵⁸; he laughs in triumph when he beats Ganymedes at dice³⁵⁹. But for all that he is not to be despised: his dice are turmoils and madness³⁷⁰.

Throwing a 'purple' ball to the poet, Love challenges him to play³⁷¹. Love dwelling within the poet's soul loves to play ball, and throws a quivering heart to Meleager's flame, Heliodora; she will enrage Eros if she throws it back and refuses to abide by the rules of the game³⁷². A beautiful ball with stripes, a toy that leaves a fiery trail when it is thrown through the sky, is promised to Love by Aphrodite if he will shoot Jason and Medea³⁷³. To decide the order of their play at *collabus* Love throws up fingers with Hymen³⁷⁴. Bearing no bow or savage temper, but as a tiny child Eros returns to Cypris with a golden writing-tablet from which he lispes out love charms³⁷⁵. The baby Loves are like delicate birds that flutter about wherever beauty is³⁷⁶.

Yet from the conception of Love as a comparatively harmless, sportive child, even a babe in arms, playing always his games with gods and men³⁷⁷, we come back inevitably to the conception which first engaged us, that of Love as a tyrant. His sport, as poets like to point out, jibing bitterly at his epithet 'childish', is madness and cruelty and murder³⁷⁸.

³⁴¹A. P. 9.440.

³⁴²Theocritus 2.128; N. 47.413; Timotheus, Fragment 13.

³⁴³A. P. 16.197. ³⁴⁴A. P. 5.179.

³⁴⁵Theocritus 19.1; A. P. 16.202; Nicetas 2.15-16.

³⁴⁶A. P. 9.440 (= Moschus 1). Compare Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* 6.8 (there Mercury sends out the call for Psyche).

³⁴⁷N. 33.57-63.

³⁴⁸A. P. 5.177; Sophocles, *Antigone* 788; C. S. 2.59; N. 47.424.

³⁴⁹A. P. 12.46. ³⁵⁰A. P. 12.47. ³⁵¹A. P. 12.45. 2.46.4.

³⁵²A. R. 3.120; D. T. 4. ³⁵³Anacreon, Fragment 45.

³⁵⁴Anacreon, Fragment 14. ³⁵⁵A. P. 5.214. ³⁵⁶A. R. 3.135.

³⁵⁷N. 33.77. ³⁵⁸A. P. 12.162.

³⁵⁹Theocritus 15.120; A. P. 12.105.

³⁷⁰G. G. 8.5; Orphic Hymn 58.3.

³⁷¹Sophocles, *Antigone* 790-792; A. P. 5.58, 9.157.

³⁴¹D. T. 2. ³⁴²A. P. 16.200 (= Moschus 7).

³⁴³A. P. 12.37. ³⁴⁴A. P. 12.86. ³⁴⁵D. T. 12.

³⁴⁶Compare, for example, Moschus 1.

³⁴⁷Plato, *Symposium* 203 B-D; Ibycus, Fragment 2; Euripides, *Bacchae* 404. *Hippolytus* 526-527; Sophocles, *Trachiniae* 354; Xenophon of Ephesus 1.2.

³⁴⁸N. 48.591; *Iliad* 3.442. ³⁴⁹D. T. 2.2. ³⁵⁰N. 11.351.

³⁵¹Theocritus 30.26; Moschus 6; Sappho, Fragment 125; A. P. 16.199, 213; N. 33.90, 13.220; Musaeus 198; A. N. 1.31; D. T. 12.2.

³⁵²Simonides, Fragment 43. ³⁵³A. P. 9.440.

³⁵⁴Compare Orphic *Argonautica* 424; Orphic Hymn 58.4.

In spite of his great power Eros lets himself down to an equality with men³⁷⁹. Indeed, he must sometimes submit to humiliation and defeat at the hands of gods and mortals. He gets gloriously drunk when Bacchus introduces wine into heaven and tipsily crowns his kinsman with the ivy³⁸⁰. He throws down his weapons and flees in fright from Typho³⁸¹. All the gods make common cause against him, cut off his wings, and banish him from Heaven³⁸².

Aphrodite rails at her son because he spares Athene and the Muses. Love has a ready answer. Athene is so grim with her brandished *aegis* and Gorgon's head; she threatens to run him through with her spear if he so much as ventures near her. The Muses he respects; they are always thinking about something, they are so tremendously awe-inspiring, and their song casts a spell over him. Artemis he cannot catch; she is always chasing about over the mountains³⁸³. The Muses are contemptuous of Love. When Aphrodite threatens to arm Eros against them, they reply, 'Tell that rubbish to Ares. Your brat has no wings that will carry him to us'³⁸⁴. The brazen maids do not confine themselves to verbal insults; they steal the larger part of an armful of apples which Love is bearing from Helicon³⁸⁵. Even the gentle Graces catch and enslave him³⁸⁶.

A beautiful boy binds Eros with the 'purple' cord of Cypris and leads the god amongst a company of young men³⁸⁷. Love the winged is made captive in the air by a fair lad's eyes³⁸⁸. Eros, burned by the eyes of a youth, casts away his weapons and folds his wings; it is hard for him to learn by suffering himself how cruel he has been, but learn he must³⁸⁹, for there are new Loves among men so charming, mortal lads who need only his gear to pass as Aphrodite's son; his mother, seeing these beauties, denies that she ever bore Eros³⁹⁰.

Concerning a statue which shows Love side by side with Requited Love, an anonymous poet observes that Nemesis has taken vengeance on Love's bow with another bow, and has caused Love to suffer what once he inflicted. He, bold lad, never daunted before, is weeping as he feels the bitter arrows. Three times, to avert the omen, he spits in the deep folds of his bosom. Thus fire is burned with fire and Love has touched Love³⁹¹. Eros enamoured, writes another, thinks that a second fire and torch and bow have overcome his own³⁹². On one ever-memorable occasion winged Love lay supine by the water of Tethys, smitten with a frenzy of passion for the ocean nymph, Rhodope³⁹³.

Homer's gods and Eros too must sometimes have rest. Love, delightful child, tender servant of diademed Cypris, sleeps in a sea-shell³⁹⁴. In a deep-shadowed wood he takes his rest. His quiver and bow hang on leafy trees; he lies smiling, bound fast by sleep, among rose-blossoms, while tawny bees above sprinkle his lips with honey dripping from the comb³⁹⁵. Love, who brings sleepless care to mortals, sleeps unarmed,

seemingly weak and defenceless. The poet plans to snatch away his torch and quiver if Love is truly at rest, that men may have a respite for a moment from his darts; but no, Love may have a cruel dream: even in his sleep he may be planning some savage trick³⁹⁶.

Aphrodite bids the man who finds her runaway child to bind him and bring him back, regarding not his entreaties³⁹⁷. She offers to kiss the one who does so; she kisses the mouth and eyes of her son, wretch though he is³⁹⁸. She adores him, though men may hate him. A statue shows an artist who was once enchained by Love, but has now tied the hands of the god, so swift to shoot, to a pillar, and robbed him of bow and quiver. The poets who discuss this work of art agree that the punishment is deserved³⁹⁹. Mortals are now released from complaint. Let Love weep and make rueful faces and pray to the deaf winds. Certainly nobody will untie him, but probably the artist's labor will prove eventually to be in vain⁴⁰⁰.

The victims of the cruel-kind tyrant face his attacks with a pathetic mixture of perplexity, defiance, resignation, and abject entreaty. After all, it is difficult to know just how one ought to meet Love. He recovers so quickly from his brief seizures of weakness. Though he stoops to sleep, even then he is not altogether helpless; though bound, he becomes quickly unbound. 'Surely', says Alexis⁴⁰¹,

'the painters are ignorant of his real nature. He is neither male nor female, neither god nor man, neither wise nor foolish; all sorts of qualities go to make up his nature. His courage is that of a man, but for cowardice he is a woman. He is full of sheer madness, yet shares the wisdom of philosophy; he is strong as adamant and vehement as any wild beast, jealous as any god.

Euripides reads Love a kind of dignified curtain lecture⁴⁰²:

By Athena and all the gods I know not *what* he is. 'Eros, tyrant of gods and men, either teach men to regard what is fair as no longer such or aid them in passion's labors. If you do this, the gods will honor you; if not, they will cease to feel grateful because you have showed them the way to love'.

Morreus, blunt soldier, considers wounding Love with bow and spear and sword; Aura is angry with Love and fights against Love after she dreams that he has led her captive⁴⁰³. Anacreon threatens never to favor the Loves again with the music of his lyre if they do not wound the beauty of whom he is enamoured⁴⁰⁴. Meleager is at one time minded to sell the wretched baby (Love) to the first trader leaving town. But the child begs so piteously that the poet changes his notion: he will keep the little rogue as a companion for Zenophila⁴⁰⁵. Again, Meleager proposes to burn Love's bow and quiver, cut his wings, and chain his feet with brazen fetters, but on second thought he considers it dangerous to have the tiny sneak around. So he bids Eros fare on fleet wings to some one else⁴⁰⁶. Daphnis

³⁷⁹Xenophon, Symposium 8.1. ³⁸⁰N. 19.259-260.

³⁸¹N. 2.223. ³⁸²Aristophanes, in Athenaeus 13.14 (563 B).

³⁸³D. T. 19. ³⁸⁴A. P. 9.39. ³⁸⁵A. P. 14.3.

³⁸⁶Anacreontea 19; Nicetas 7.599. ³⁸⁷A. P. 12.112.

³⁸⁸A. P. 12.113. ³⁸⁹A. P. 12.144.

³⁹⁰A. P. 12.54, 56, 73-78. ³⁹¹A. P. 16.251. ³⁹²A. P. 9.449.

³⁹³N. 32.52-53. ³⁹⁴A. P. 9.325. ³⁹⁵A. P. 16.210.

³⁹⁶A. P. 16.211-212. ³⁹⁷A. P. 9.440.

³⁹⁸Compare A. P. 9.440 with N. 33.146, 41.405, A. R. 3.149-150.

³⁹⁹A. P. 16.195-199. ⁴⁰⁰A. P. 16.196, 199.

⁴⁰¹In a fragment of the Phaedrus, cited by Athenaeus 13.13 (562 A-C).

⁴⁰²Andromeda, Fragment 136 (Nauck).

⁴⁰³N. 34.66, 48.287.

⁴⁰⁴According to Himerius, Orations 14.4. ⁴⁰⁵A. P. 5.178.

⁴⁰⁶A. P. 5.179.

the neatherd threatens vengeance on hateful Cypris and on Love even in Hades⁴⁰⁷.

Upon a poet of uncertain identity two Loves descend; the victim asks that he be cut in two and the halves portioned out by lot⁴⁰⁸. A veritable Solomon Self-punisher come to judgment! 'Save me for the sake of Love the Hospitable', Meleager implores, 'save me, my friends! I have just escaped from sea and robbers, and now violent Love has made me his prey and drags me about on land'⁴⁰⁹. Near death, he swears that he will spit out the little breath left on his lips if only Love says the word⁴¹⁰. 'Pour out on me your snow, hail, lightning, Zeus', says Asclepiades defiantly; 'never unless you slay me will I cease to love'⁴¹¹.

The despair of Asclepiades is sometimes only half serious. He cries: 'Ye Loves, I'm done for. Cruel Philaenion has wounded me. It does not show, but the pain reaches my finger-tips. Half-asleep I stepped on a courtesan, I *know* it, and I touched Hades'⁴¹². But the language, if not always the tone or the occasion, of the following prayers, belongs to the true and almost Catullan litany of Love: 'Relent, I implore thee, Love, and bring her to my bed'⁴¹³. 'Receive me, who sail on the sea of Cypris, into thy harbor'⁴¹⁴. 'I beseech thee, Love, lighten my sleepless longing for Heliodora; reverence my suppliant Muse. . . . But if thou kill me, I will leave a message, saying "Look, stranger, upon the murderous work of Love"'⁴¹⁵. 'Have mercy, Lord, have mercy, for Destiny ordained thee a god. With thee rest for me the issues of life and death'⁴¹⁶. Lucian is not much impressed by fervid entreaties of this kind. He says bluntly that Love does the race of mortals no harm. Eros is merely an excuse for those who cannot control themselves⁴¹⁷.

Perfect Love casts out cruelty and fear. The gentler and higher Eros delights in beauty, harmony, and virtue. He becomes a symbol of the noblest longings of the human race; he grants glimpses of immortality in this life and at the last assists with gentle hand the soul in its perilous voyage to the other world⁴¹⁸.

Pupil of wisdom, partaker in virtue, Love is the gentlest of all gods to mortal men; he is great and pure and altogether lovely⁴¹⁹. Instead of pain he gives pleasure and hope. Forlorn is the man who lives apart from Love⁴²⁰. Eros the sweet, the dear and delicate servant of Aphrodite, giver of delight and grace, Eros the desirable, glances gently from under his dark brows⁴²¹. In this mood—he shows himself thus chiefly

to those who find success in amours—, Love is melting, sweet-spirited, honeyed; even his tears are sweet⁴²².

Without armor, unwarlike, Love and the Loves cherish their favorites living or dead. To Eros lovers are consecrate: he unites and protects them. The Loves give omen of their favor by sneezing; Eros fans the exhausted victim with soft feathers; he consoles the stricken Bacchus, who mourns for the youth Ampelos, now changed into a vine. Tenderly the Loves care for the dying Adonis; weeping, they lift up lamentations; they have shorn their locks for his sake, flung upon him arrows and bow and feathers and quiver, removed his shoes, washed his thighs, and fanned him with light wings. When Lais, the beautiful courtesan, dies, Love in person wails unceasingly⁴²³.

Especially does resplendent, gleaming Eros rejoice in youth and pursue loveliness. He flies through the world wherever he may serve beauty; the Muses bind Love with wreaths and garlands and give him to Beauty, and he refuses to leave his pleasant servitude, though Cypris offers a ransom⁴²⁴. Delighting in mirrors and yellow hair, he keeps company with beauties, preferably blonde beauties, hides in their eyes and hair, lies on their cheeks when they sleep⁴²⁵. Love will lodge in the hair of a poet's mistress even when it is grey⁴²⁶. Nicarete's sweet face is bathed by the Loves, for they are judges of beauty among mortals⁴²⁷.

As an artist Eros fashions the sweet-spoken Heliodora, soul of the poet's soul, within the poet's heart⁴²⁸. In the hot depths of a maiden's heart Love stamps the picture of the lover⁴²⁹. Half a sculptor, Eros inspires a statue by Praxiteles, and forms within the poet's soul a temple of love⁴³⁰. Working not with emerald and gold or ivory and ebony, but with two lovely youths⁴³¹, Love mixed the flowers of Persuasion and Friendship⁴³². With his own hand, he gathers garlands of young men, weaving flowers of beauty (lily, rose, and crocus) into a human bouquet for his mother⁴³³.

Like the bee, Love revels in flowers, especially roses, which reflect his own red and fiery hue. There he seeks his food; he will not settle on body or soul or aught else that is flowerless or whose flower has faded away, while he has only to light on a plot of sweet scents and blossoms to remain there⁴³⁴. When he is pursued, he takes refuge under roses and poppies⁴³⁵. Flowers and trees and plants flourish when he splashes

⁴⁰⁷Theocritus 1.103.

⁴⁰⁸A. P. 12.88.

⁴⁰⁹A. P. 12.84-85. ⁴¹⁰A. P. 5.197. ⁴¹¹A. P. 5.64.

⁴¹²A. P. 5.162. ⁴¹³Aristophanes, Ecclesiazousae 958.

⁴¹⁴A. P. 12.167. ⁴¹⁵A. P. 5.215.

⁴¹⁶A. P. 12.158. Compare the supplication in Nonnus 4.245. 'Have pity, mother of Love', and Oppian's prayer to Love to be moderate and to come, not with storm, but with fair weather (Halieutica 4.19). Typical of the choral pleas in Greek tragedy for a mild and temperate love is Euripides, Medea 627-642.

⁴¹⁷A. P. 10.29.

⁴¹⁸In Pseudo-Demosthenes, Eroticus 21 (see Baizer and Sauppe, Oratores Attici, 1.937 [Zurich, 1839]), a young man is described as so wholly admirable that it is as if he had been a son born to Eros by Virtue. ⁴¹⁹Euripides, Fragment 897 (Nauck); Orphic Hymn 58.1.

⁴²⁰Euripides, Fragment 897 (Nauck). ⁴²¹Alcman, Fragment 28 A; A. P. 7.217; Theocritus 2.118; N. 48.472; Bion 2.5; Kaibel, 1085; A. P. 5.278, 9.321, 325, 12.142; Aristophanes, Birds 696; Orphic Fragment 123.11, Orphic Fragments 71 and 139; Oracula Anecdota (in K. Buresch, Klaros, Untersuchungen zum Orakelwesen des Späteren Altertums, page 110.4, Number 50 [1889]); G. G. 1.1; Oppian, Halieutica 4.32; Ibycus, Fragment 2.

⁴²²Anacreon, Fragment 169; A. P. 12.153; Aristophanes, Lysistrata 551; Orphic Hymn 58.1; Euripides, Fragment 269 (Nauck); A. P. 7.419, 12.167; N. 19.235.

⁴²³For this paragraph compare Anacreontea 4.14; N. 25.153; Longus 2.6; Aristophanes, Ecclesiazousae 958; Theocritus 7.96; N. 11.351; Bion 1.80; A. P. 7.218.

⁴²⁴Anacreon, Fragment 13 A; Longus 2.7; Nicetas 7.603; Anacreontea 19.

⁴²⁵Euripides, Fragment 324 (Nauck); A. P. 5.177, 178; Sophocles, Antigone 781.

⁴²⁶A. P. 5.26. ⁴²⁷A. P. 5.153, 12.66. ⁴²⁸A. P. 5.155.

⁴²⁹A. P. 5.274. ⁴³⁰A. P. 12.56-57, 16.203-204.

⁴³¹A striking picture of Love as a devotee of beauty is to be found in Herodas, Mime 7.93-94 (in the edition of Walter Headlam [Cambridge: At the University Press, 1922]). Two ladies, Metro and a friend, are shopping in the store of Cerdo, the cobbler. When Cerdo boasts of his fine customers, Metro says (I give Headlam's translation: see page 325), "Fortune does not grant you, Kerdon, to touch dainty feet which the Loves and Desires touch".

⁴³²A. P. 12.163.

⁴³³A. P. 12.256. For beauties (beautiful persons) as flowers of Love see N. 10.181, 11.341, 12.86.

⁴³⁴Plato, Symposium 196 A-B. ⁴³⁵Longus 2.4.

on them the water from his bath⁴³⁴. Flowering gardens are named after him⁴³⁵. A child treading on flowers, he plays the game of 'touch me not' with his victim⁴³⁶. His altar blooms with springtime garlands; his brethren, the Loves, crown Aphrodite's shrine and dwelling with flowers⁴³⁷. The poet who refuses to love he whips with hyacinthine wand through bush and brier and ravine⁴³⁸. With wreaths the Muses take Eros captive⁴³⁹. He spends both his waking and his sleeping hours among the roses; on roses the poet finds him taking rest while tawny bees sprinkle honey on his lips⁴⁴⁰.

Prophet Eros plaits a fiery wreath of roses like a star; he wears for charm a rosy wreath on his curly pate when he dances with the Graces⁴⁴¹. In early Greek art he is constantly depicted with the flowers of spring; Zeuxis painted him crowned with roses⁴⁴². All the flowers and fruits of the year are his: from Helicon he carries great armfuls of apples; he aids in every way the gardener's labor and is shown crowned with four garlands which betoken the fruits of the four Seasons⁴⁴³.

Skill in poetry and music—a combination of talents not uncommon among artists and fanciers of beauty—must also be listed among the accomplishments of Love. In a dream 'the great Cyprian' (Aphrodite) stands before the poet with childish Eros hanging his head—the perfect picture of a reluctant student of music. Teach him, says Aphrodite to the poet, to sing and play. The bard puts forth his best efforts. But the pupil, so shy at first, pays no attention: he teaches his master love songs, about the doings of his mother and all the desires of gods and men. In consequence the teacher forgets his own country airs and can remember nothing but the amorous ditties of Eros⁴⁴⁴. The Muses do not fear wild Eros, but follow in his footsteps and love him with all their hearts. They refuse to teach the man who sings without Love in his soul⁴⁴⁵, and flee away from him, but they run post-haste to him who sings sweet songs inspired by passion's frenzy⁴⁴⁶. 'May Love call the Muses and the Muses bring Love': so runs the bard's invocation⁴⁴⁷.

The Loves have a flute that gives forth sweet song; their voices are clear and tuneful⁴⁴⁸. Almost in the fashion of a choir they repeat the lament: 'Beautiful Adonis is dead'⁴⁴⁹. Aphrodite promises that, if Love charms the gods and sends a missile against Poseidon and Bacchus, she will give Love a golden nuptial lyre, the lyre that Phoebus presented to Harmonia

in the marriage chamber. Thus Love, in addition to being an archer, will be a lyre-player, even as Apollo is⁴⁵⁰.

The only full-length portrait of the higher Eros, champion of virtue, artist, lover of beauty, and, as it were, philosopher, is given in Plato's *Phaedrus* and *Symposium*. But the conception of a base Love set over against a better Love is presented by earlier and other writers. Love the creator and promoter of harmony appears, as we have seen, in early cosmogenetical schemes. Somewhat later, Pindar and Euripides distinguish noble and ignoble Love, though the former probably does so without marked personification⁴⁵¹. For Euripides Love has twin bows, the darts of one leading to happiness, the darts of the other to confusion in life⁴⁵². Temperate and noble Love leads to calm, the immoderate and ignoble Love plunges men into seas of passion and pain⁴⁵³. The good Loves Aphrodite sends over Attica as helpers to wisdom and coworkers with all virtue⁴⁵⁴.

As Chaerephon observes, Love like wine should be tempered to the constitution of those who use it; immoderate indulgence causes a man to run out of all bounds, and brings utter confusion⁴⁵⁵. Against the evil and immoderate Love, whether it is called by name or not, divers characters in Greek tragedy, from Iphigeneia onward, cry out. Going further back, we find in the career of Helen, the heroine of the *Iliad*, a classic instance of the misery and destruction caused by unreined physical passion. Outside the bounds of Greece the Egyptians held that there were two Loves, the common and the celestial⁴⁵⁶.

The *Phaedrus* myth comes as the climax in an eloquent rebuke to the reported discourse of Lysias⁴⁵⁷. The orator had said that non-lovers are to be preferred to lovers, since love makes men neglect their business, do shameful things, and prove generally a bore and a nuisance. Socrates then describes the true Love in the myth of the Soul as a chariot drawn by two winged steeds, the one representing the baser, the other the nobler, aspects of man. True Love lends wings to the soul, striving upward after the visions of truth and beauty which once she beheld but can now only remember. This Love is the genuine bacchic frenzy, the noblest of all enthusiasms, the fourth kind of madness, which is the love of the beautiful⁴⁵⁸.

Many details from the speeches reported in the *Symposium* have already been utilized. What follows is merely an attempt to give the gist of these discourses. The discussion is opened by Eryximachus, who, quoting *Phaedrus*, says that, while trifles like salt have been eloquently praised and other gods have had hymns and psalms written in their honor, Love, a god so ancient and so great, has been utterly neglected. *Phaedrus* next takes up the subject. He endeavors to

⁴³⁴Longus 2.5. The second poem in C. S., which opens with a picture of Eros and a chorus of Nereids bathing in a river, is almost a complete compendium of all that the ancients thought and said about the little god. Interesting also is the third poem in G. G., which likens the sting of Love to the rose's thorn.

⁴³⁵A. P. 16.666, 668. ⁴³⁶Alcman, Fragment 38.

⁴³⁷N. 29, 343, 47.325.

⁴³⁸Anacreontea 29. ⁴³⁹Anacreontea 19.

⁴⁴⁰A. P. 16.210; Anacreontea 5.

⁴⁴¹N. 47, 467; Anacreontea 42, 53.7; G. G. 1. 65.

⁴⁴²Scholiast on Aristophanes, *Acharnians* 992.

⁴⁴³A. P. 14.3, 16.202. ⁴⁴⁴Bion 5.

⁴⁴⁵I add two passages which deal with Love as patron of the arts and of literature. Antipater of Sidon speaks (A. P. 7.14) of Sappho as having been reared by Cypris and Eros. Plutarch (*Dinner-Table Problems* 1.5.1) declares that one day, after singing some songs of Sappho, a company discussed the verse in which she says that Love teaches the man who before his experience of Love had no taste for the Muses.

⁴⁴⁶Bion 6. ⁴⁴⁷Bion 14. ⁴⁴⁸N. 8.308, 24.217.

⁴⁴⁹Bion 1, *passim*; Moschus 3.67.

⁴⁵⁰N. 41.420-427. Compare Waser, in the article Eros, in Pauly-Wissowa, 6.498: '... Die Blüte, auch Aphroditens Attribut, bringen ebenso die Dichter mit E. (= Eros) in Verbindung, dagegen nicht die Leier...' The italics are mine.

⁴⁵¹Nemean Odes 8.7. ⁴⁵²Iphigeneia in Aulis 544. ⁴⁵³Compare Euripides, *Iphigeneia in Aulis* 544, with Euripides, *Fragments* 331, 547, 672, 897 (Nauck), and *Medea* 627.

⁴⁵⁴Euripides, *Medea* 842-843. ⁴⁵⁵Athenaeus 13.14 (562 E).

⁴⁵⁶Plutarch, *Erot.* 19.2. ⁴⁵⁷Plato, *Phaedrus* 246.

⁴⁵⁸Plato, *Phaedrus* 246A-274C, 249 D.

show that Eros is the most venerable and precious of all the gods, that he inspires men in war, and even inspires women in peace (Alcestis is the heroic example) to deeds of virtue and bravery.

Pausanias begins with a correction. There are two Loves, not one. The noble or celestial Love was born of the Elder Aphrodite, who had Uranus as a father, but no mother; the ignoble or common Love is the son of that younger Aphrodite who was daughter of Zeus and Dione⁴⁴. The physician Eryximachus holds that good Love springs from Urania, and the base or common Love from Polyhymnia. The art of medicine shows which is the good and which the bad Love in the human body, and persuades the body to accept the former; thus it reconciles conflicting elements. In fact, every art, as the harmonization or reconciliation of opposites, falls within the domain of Eros. Aristophanes, when he has recovered from a fit of hiccoughing, follows along the same general line. He maintains that the sexes were originally male, female, and a combination of the two. Hence comes naturally his contention that Love is the desire for and the pursuit of the whole.

For Agathon, the rather effeminate poet, Eros is the youngest, the most comely and delicate of the gods; hence Eros loves all things that are lovely. Being himself good and a cause of goodness in others, Eros neither offers violence to god or man nor receives it. He is the bravest of all, but as a captor and the stronger he controls excess. He makes poets of persons who were never poets before. His craft is to compose all forms of life whereby all creatures are begotten and produced. All arts and artificial manufactures are brought about under his guidance. Peace he creates among mankind, and upon the sea windless calm. The winds he puts to rest; repose he gives us in our sorrow and sadness. Trustiest helmsman, boatswain, and champion, our deliverer in toil and fear, leader in feasts and dances and oblations, Eros is the father of grace and gentleness, of delicacy and delight; parent is he of longing and yearning. He is the ornament of gods and men, the best and fairest leader, whom all should follow, joining tunefully in his song, which enchants the thoughts of every god and every man.

Socrates's speech, or rather, as he puts it, his report of the wise Diotima's discourse, comes effectively between the somewhat flowery eloquence of Agathon and the drunken entrance of Alcibiades. After a highly imaginative account of the birth of Eros, son of Poverty and Plenty, Socrates goes on to correct, indirectly, various misstatements in the speeches which have preceded his own. With that subtle tact which is

Plato's happiest gift, Socrates is made to ring the changes upon the conventional lover's terminology, and to use it for higher ends. He describes the process by which the lover of the lovely proceeds from the love of beautiful bodies through the love of beautiful learning until he reaches the concept of Absolute Beauty⁴⁵.

... Beginning from obvious beauties he < = the true lover > must for the sake of that highest beauty be ever climbing aloft, as on the rungs of a ladder, from one to two, and from two to all beautiful bodies; from personal beauty he proceeds to beautiful observances, from observance to beautiful learning, and from learning at last to that particular study which is concerned with the beautiful itself and that alone. . . . So when he has begotten a true virtue and has reared it up he is destined to win the friendship of Heaven; he, above all men, is immortal.

This Love, who is a servant of wisdom, the Eros who declares himself no son of common Cypris or of Earth, but lights the torch of learning in pure minds and leads the soul up to Heaven, this deity who carries three garlands, symbolizing three virtues, and wears as a crown the chief of them, wisdom⁴⁶, takes his place definitely by the side of his less serious-minded brother. He takes it not only in the region of philosophy⁴⁷ and literature, but in the domain also of those transcendental cults which offer happiness for this life and immortality in the world to come. Of this phase I present only one striking example.

In a painting in the apse of the basilica at the Porta Maggiore of Rome Eros is shown performing the task of soul-conductor which is normally reserved for Hermes⁴⁸. Above a restless, stormy sea stand two rocky promontories. Before a grove of trees, crowning the promontory on the right, is an Eros who gently thrusts forward a heavily-veiled woman with a lyre in her hand. One Triton holds a sheet folded in the fashion of a boat to receive the soul as she descends into the waves. Another turns toward her, blowing his horn. In the middle distance, on a third high promontory, Apollo extends his hand to welcome the soul passing through death into life.

WASHINGTON SQUARE COLLEGE,
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

FLOYD A. SPENCER

⁴⁴211 C, 212 A. I give the translation by Mr. W. R. M. Lamb, in *The Loeb Classical Library*.

⁴⁵G. G. 2.5; A. P. 16.201.

⁴⁶Compare, for instance, Philo, *Concerning the Maker of the World*, 70 (L. Cohn and P. Wendland, Editio Maior (Berlin, 1896-1915)). There Love is the guide to Wisdom. See also Philo, *On the Contemplative Life*, 57. Plotinus, *Enneades* 6.9.7, for the celestial Love as opposed to the common Love.

⁴⁷My description closely follows that of E. Strong and N. Jolliffe, in the article, *The Stuccoes of the Underground Basilica Near the Porta Maggiore*, *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 44 (1924), 103-111. This basilica, which belongs probably to the middle of the first century A. D., seems to have been used as the meeting-place of a transcendental Neo-Pythagorean sect.

⁴⁸On this Basilica see M. I. Rostovtzeff, *Mystic Italy*, 130-142 (New York, Holt, 1927).

For the picture Professor Spencer has in mind see there pages 140-141. This book was reviewed in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 22.104. C. K. >.

⁴⁹Herodotus 1.105, 131. I shall give a somewhat fuller exposition of so-called 'Platonic' Love in my forthcoming article, *Cupid in Latin Literature*.

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